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# THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT

*The Words by*  
**MRS. HEMANS,**

*The Music by her Sister,*

and both Respectfully dedicated to

**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

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*SPRITOSO.*

*pp*

*Cres:*

*f*

*8va*

*loco.*



'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound! And the Knight look'd down from the Paynim's tow'r, And a

Chris-tian host, in its pride and pow'r, Thro' the pass beneath him wound.

Cease a-while cla---rion! cla-rion wild and shrill!

Cease! let them hear the cap-tive's voice— be still, be----- still.



gva

*mf*

Music advancing

*f*

*ff* The Army passes

*f* dim:

Ped: *p*

3

2.

I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!  
 And I see my brethren's lances gleam,  
 And their pennons wave by the mountainstream,  
 And their plumes to the glad wind float.  
 Cease awhile, &c.

3.

I am here with my heavy chain!  
 And I look on a torrent sweeping by,  
 And an eagle rushing to the sky,  
 And a host to its battle plain.  
 Cease awhile, &c.

4.

Must I pine in my fetters here?  
 With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,  
 And the tall spears glancing on my sight,  
 And the trumpet in my ear!  
 Cease awhile, &c.



They are gone! they have all pass'd by! They in whose wars I had borne my part;

*p* ANDANTE

They that I lov'd with a brother's heart, They have left me here to die! Sound a-gain,

cla- - - rion! cla-rion pour thy blast! Sound for thy

ad lib:

captive's dream of hope is past!

*p*

*pp* *pp*





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